

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

GUYON OF MARSEILLES.

THE study of Marc Guyon seemed the very abode of cheerfulness; it was a large airy chamber at the top of his house, which being at the end of the street, the breeze was admitted on three sides of the chamber through windows opening on what was the roof to the building beneath, a little gallery enclosed by an open balustrade, and shaded by awnings of linen, forming a kind of verandah, after the eastern fashion. The apartment was simply furnished; its chief treasures were books and manuscripts; its chief ornaments were—what am I saying? its chief treasure and ornament was the living being who inhabited it, Guyon himself. Who that was in his presence could have turned, either in thought or gaze, away from him? He was in the freshness and vigour of manhood, with a glorious beauty about his countenance and figure, which is but seldom seen among the fallen race of man. I do not speak of the beauty of form alone, but the beauty of form all bright and breathing with that of mind, and, what is better still, with that of heart and soul. With an intellect of a very superior order, he had too much kindness of heart, too much manliness, too much lowliness, to feel superior to the infirmities of the humblest of his fellows. It might indeed be said of him, that, "he had no proud looks." One might almost read his character in his fine open countenance.

Guyon was sitting at a large table, his forefinger pressed to his brow, and his mind deeply absorbed in thought. He had been writing, and the pen was still between his fingers, but the morning breeze had blown away his manuscripts from the table, and scattered them about the room. He, however, perceived not the disorder of the books and papers which had a short time before engrossed his most serious attention. His

mind was raised to higher contemplations. Gradually the thoughtfulness of his countenance melted into an expression of holy rapture, his lips parted with a smile, the rich blood flushed brightly over his cheek, and he raised his eyes from the ground; but then tears started into them, tears which he did not attempt to restrain. He rose up, and opening a folio volume which lay among many others on a tall book-stand, he read with a rapid glance some few pages. "Yes," he exclaimed as he closed the book, "I will do it—I, I alone am the proper person—I am determined. He then returned to the table at which he had been writing, and having taken a small roll of parchment from an old casket of sculptured brass, he made some alterations and additions to the writing thereon, and then replaced it. "There is but little beside for me to do now," said he to himself, and he looked wistfully and almost sorrowfully round the chamber. "Oh, how much true happiness have I found here!" he exclaimed—"how unwillingly my dull spirit seems to depart from this sweet tranquil home! and what a morning?" It was indeed a beautiful morning; the subdued sunlight shed a soft and golden glow throughout the room, and the loose folds of the awning flapped and creaked in the playful wind with a sound like the sails of a ship in a freshening gale. Guyon stepped out on the gallery from the window which faced the east, and commanded an extensive prospect of the country surrounding Marseilles. He bent over the orange trees and tuberoses, then in full flower, which were ranged along the front of the window, and thought that he had never so much enjoyed their sweetness before. He looked out on gardens and fields, and mountains more distant; and the calm blue sea reflected back the repose and beauty which it borrowed from a sky even more deeply blue, more tenderly serene. Men, women, and happy children, were at work or at play in the gardens and fields; herds of cattle were grazing on the mountains; many a white and graceful sail was gliding swiftly over the trackless sea; and in the clear free realms of the sky, birds were floating along with the sunshine gleaming on their outspread wings. I must

not stand here, thought Guyon, or I shall begin to mourn over my captivity within this immense and frightful prison. He walked round the gallery to the side of the house which overlooked the street. The very air seemed to be changed there, as if sickened with its confinement to the narrow streets of tall dull houses. He looked around over the immense mass of buildings—Marseilles, not very long before one scene of bustling commotion, resounding with the ceaseless hum of varied and cheerful noises, was now hushed into a state of unnatural and gloomy torpor. It seemed a city of the dead, for the only sound which disturbed the horrid silence, was the measured tolling of a loud, deep-toned bell. As Guyon stood there, another well-known sound stole by degrees on his ear; he could hear it approaching with an increasing noise from street to street, till a faint and fetid stench came fitfully with the breeze that blew past him. He looked down and shuddered, as he saw the plague-cart, heaped with putrid bodies, rumble heavily along over the grass-grown pavement beneath. He turned his head, but he only beheld, as he looked down the long street on the opposite side, the black flag on the closed gates of the city, its heavy folds waving to and fro, as if with measured motion to the dismal bell of death.

Guyon was almost the last person to enter the Hotel de Ville. All the medical men of the town had there met to consult on some means of stopping the dreadful progress of the plague, by which half the city had already perished, and which still appeared to rage with increasing virulence. The conference was long, and it produced one general and decided opinion, that the corpse of a person who had died of the pestilence should be opened by some skilful hand, and a report of the exact state and effects of the disorder written on the spot. Hitherto there had been a mysterious character about the disease, which had baffled the skill and experience of all who sought to cure it.—Many persons of distinguished talent were present: one young man in particular fixed the attention of the whole assembly to every word he uttered. He had once visited Smyrna, when the plague was raging there; and the illustrations with which he supported his opinions, were made with such clearness, and even eloquence, that they had entirely settled the general conviction that the opening of a putrid body was the only means by which the nature of the disease could be clearly ascertained, and the pestilence itself effectually arrested. The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when one of the most respected and venerable physicians of the city rose and observed, with a mild and sorrowful voice, "I cannot sufficiently approve all that you have ex-

pressed, Sir, but allow me to ask, how this information, of which we are absolutely in need, can be obtained? The report of the effects of the plague on the corpse, can only be obtained at one price, the certain and speedy death of him who makes it. Who would willingly rush on so dreadful a fate?" As the old physician ceased speaking, he fixed his eyes almost unconsciously on the countenance of him whom he had addressed. The change that suddenly passed over the whole person and manner of the young surgeon was indeed striking. He could not help at once feeling as though he were looked on by all present as the person expected to perform the fatal operation. The enthusiasm which had inspired him fled, and had left him almost powerless to speak or move; his lip quivered, an ashy paleness overspread his whole face; the hand which had been firmly laid on the table while he was so strongly and warmly declaring his confidence of success from the plan he recommended, could now scarcely sustain his trembling frame as he rested on it for support. He had a young wife, a mother, and two infant children at home, all depending on his exertions for their subsistence. Every one felt for the young man, and the physician who had last spoken turned from him, observing, that they were certainly not immediately called on to point out the person who should perform the operation.

"I have been thinking," said the president of the assembly, "that, although it appears at present impracticable that the corpse of a victim of the plague should be opened without causing the death of the operator, might we not as well consult together as to the possible means of averting the fatal consequences of such an operation? There is one person, now present I believe, whose powerful genius and superior attainments have rendered him justly celebrated, but who has not spoken among us to-day;" he looked towards Guyon, and the eyes of the whole assembly followed his: "we should feel much gratified by hearing his opinion on this awful subject." Guyon had certainly not spoken; he had been listening with serious attention to those around him, and taking notes of all that passed; he now looked up from the papers before him. "I had studied the question very attentively," he said modestly, "before I entered this assembly, and I felt convinced there was but one expedient by which the pestilence could be stayed. I am now quite decided on the subject, from the uniform opinion of all present. Allow me also to say, that I am convinced no precaution can save the life of him who performs the loathsome operation of opening the corpse. Why may we not at once inquire who will be the man to undertake this?" He looked round the as-

sembly, and immediately there was a breathless silence throughout the hall. Many an eye shrunk beneath his gaze, and the few whose looks encountered it steadily, turned ghastly pale. "I see not," he continued, in a voice of touching sweetness, "not one, whose loss to those who love him, could well be supplied. All are husbands or fathers, or the long treasured hope of aged parents. I alone am an orphan, bound to this life by few ties of earthly relationship. You have (I rejoice to say) some confidence in my professional talents, and I do not fear to die. I came here determined to begin the operation to-morrow at day-break: and having now told you my intention, I swear before God, that with His favour, I will fulfil the duty to which I believe He has called me."

Guyon had been an orphan almost from his birth; he had but a few, and those distant, relations, scattered about parts of Provence far from Marseilles. While yet an infant his unprotected situation had interested the compassion of the Bishop of Marseilles, who had been ever afterwards his unchanging friend. Guyon, however, had gradually risen to eminence by his own exertions, and at this time was in possession of a considerable fortune. On leaving the Hotel de Ville, he proceeded immediately to the Palace of his friend the Bishop, who heard the determination of his young friend with profound silence. Guyon waited for his reply, but the old man only gazed on him and wept.—"Let me leave you now," said Guyon, with a faltering voice, "and return hither to-night." "Yes, my son," replied the prelate, "I would have you leave me now; this surprise hath half broken my heart; I must not entreat you to renounce the glorious undertaking, and yet I cannot, indeed I cannot, bid you perform it. "Go," he added, in a firmer voice, "go from me now, the next few hours must not be lost to you. By God's help I will meet you with strength which I have not at present, but which those who seek with full purpose of spirit, will never fail to find."

There was one other house to which Guyon now directed his steps, but he often turned from the well-known door, and returned, and turned back again, before he could find heart to enter. It was in a little silent street at the highest part of the city, and its only inhabitants were an old female, her daughter, and one servant. Madame Longard had been as a mother to Guyon. In her house he had passed his boyhood, and he loved her and Delphine, his foster-sister, with his whole heart. The spoiler had not entered that small and humble dwelling, and Guyon found its gentle inmates at work in their pleasant upper parlour, which looked out on a small herb-garden behind the house. He soon perceived that the determination

had not reached them; and he resolved not to mention it, but to leave a letter for them at his own house. His efforts to be cheerful were successful: he conversed with an appearance of playful animation, and quitted the room without betraying any signs of the agony which wrung his bosom. He had not been gone more than a minute when Delphine remembered that she had not given him a small bouquet of lavender and vervain, and some other fragrant herbs and flowers, which she had gathered for Guyon, who seldom passed a day without seeing her. She ran quickly down stairs, and opening the door of the house, looked up the street, intending to call him back and offer him the fresh bouquet. Guyon was not to be seen. Delphine closed the door much disappointed, and was returning to her mother, when she heard a deep-drawn sigh very near her; she stopped and looked around. The door of a little dark chamber, in the front of the house, had started open, as she closed that leading into the street. Guyon was there, kneeling on the ground, his hands raised, and spread out towards heaven, as if asking a blessing from thence; his face had quite lost the calm cheerfulness which she had last seen there, and his chest seemed to heave with suppressed anguish. Delphine would fain have entered, but she dared not; she felt that Guyon might deem her presence an intrusion. She turned away, and stole lightly up stairs; she sat down on the highest step, and waited to hear Guyon enter the passage beneath. She heard the latch of the street-door moved by his hand, and then she ran down to stop him. "Dear Marc, are you still here?" she said faintly, "I am glad to find you, I had gathered these herbs and flowers for you, and I forgot them; their smell may be pleasant to you in your dangerous visits to the dying. Delphine held out the flowers, but could not say another word. Guyon himself seemed half unconscious that she was speaking; he appeared lost in agonizing thoughts: at last with some calmness, he took her hand and led her to the room he had just quitted.—"May I trust you, Delphine?" he said, in a whisper, "can you trust yourself? You do not answer me—I should not have spoken thus, but I believe that you have witnessed my anguish of soul in this chamber. I thought that some person had passed along the passage, and when I saw you, your countenance told me who that person was. May I go on?" "You may," replied Delphine, without raising her eyes. "These are, I know, fearful times," she added, "and we live daily prepared for some great calamity." She now sat still as death, she heard every word which Guyon spoke.—"Are you ill, Delphine?" he said wildly, when he had finished speaking:—"you are

ill. The shock has been too great for my sweet sister." "No, no, I am not ill," she replied,—and never once did she raise her eyes. "I shall do all that you would have me."—Guyon rose up from her side and kissed her cold cheek, yet he still lingered, and looked down upon her with tender affection. "No, I am not ill," she repeated, "and you must go. But take this," she added, in the same low, mournful voice, holding out to him again the little bunch of herbs, which she had kept all the while in her hand.—Delphine was alone; she laid her head upon the table beside her and closed her eyes, for a cold torpor seemed to have crept on all her faculties. "Oh! would to God that I could die with him!" she at length said, starting up, "Oh that I might share with him in the dangers of that horrid work!—If he were one mass of vile corruption, as he will be but too soon, I could rejoice to pillow his poor head upon this throbbing breast!—And he has loved another!" she exclaimed, with a deep dreary-sounding voice—"He has not even guessed that I love him as my own soul! He makes me the confidant of his feelings, as if no weight of agony could break this weak heart! He fears for what my mother will suffer, as if she had ever loved him as her wretched daughter does!"

It was an hour after midnight when Guyon descended the steps of the Bishop's palace:—A young man had died the morning before, and he proceeded immediately to the house where the corpse was deposited. The deceased had been the last survivor of a large family, all of whom had fallen victims to the plague. His father, a rich merchant, died only the day before his child sickened. There was an open space before this house of death, planted with plane and linden trees, in the midst of which a fountain of limpid water refreshed the air, and fell into a circular basin; around this fountain was a range of low seats hewn out of the rough marble. The night was dark, and Guyon, followed by a single attendant, was walking along the silent street leading to the house of death, when his servant called on him to stop: A person whom he had observed on the opposite side of the street had suddenly fallen to the ground. Guyon stopped immediately, and he heard a low moaning as of a person in pain. They crossed over, and Guyon lifted up one who appeared to be a female, who had been thrown down by something which lay in a dark mass upon the pavement; as he supported this female, the servant held down the lantern, and Guyon beheld the corpse of a poor wretch who had fallen dead of the plague, and lay unburied by the way-side. He turned, and Delphine (for it was she whom he had lifted up) had disappeared. She had not spoken—he had not seen her face—and, undiscover-

ed, she had left him.—Her mother had retired to rest some hours, when Delphine, leaving a note with these few words, "Guyon is ill," on her table, had stolen softly from the house, and hastened towards the Bishop's palace. She had not waited long before Guyon appeared. The lamps that burned (before an image of the Virgin) in a niche above the gateway, revealed plainly to her sight his tall and graceful form; and guided, by the gleam of his servant's lantern, she had cautiously followed their steps. Guyon entered the fatal house, and Delphine sat down upon the edge of the fountain before it. She had cut her forehead in falling upon the hard pavement, and she now washed the blood from her face, with trembling hands, and bound up the wound, which still bled profusely. Long did she sit beside that fountain, while not a sound disturbed the calm stillness of the night, except the light splashing of the waters, and the waving of the leafy boughs above her head.—Once or twice she saw a light in some of the upper chambers, and the shadows of human forms reflected upon the walls within. Some men, accustomed to the office, were removing the corpse, by Guyon's desire, from the chamber where the young man had died, to a large and airy saloon below. Every thing was soon arranged for the loathsome operation, and Delphine beheld the gates unclosed again; the men departed, and Guyon was left alone.

The windows of a small antechamber to the saloon in which the corpse was laid, looked out upon the fountain before the house.—Delphine saw the large doors between the two apartments open slowly—Guyon came forward—he closed the doors, and, putting down his lamp, threw open one of the windows, and stood before it, seeming to inhale, with pleasure, the fresh cool air. Suddenly a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and Delphine could see her beloved Guyon no longer:—but he was near her; she could hear him move; she could hear what seemed to her the murmur of a voice in prayer. Once she thought she could distinguish her own name. She sank on her knees, rejoicing that her prayer might be offered up at the same time and in the same place with his. The faint light of morning began to dawn, and Delphine looked up to catch the first glimpse of her Guyon's person; he was still at the window. The light increased—he arose, and his countenance was fully revealed; it seemed more than usually brightened by health and expression as he looked up to the clear crimson sky. He appeared to linger there, as if unwilling to turn so soon away from his last enjoyment of the sweet fresh air and light of morning. Delphine was for a moment overjoyed, for he took from his bosom the little bouquet she

had given him; he pressed it to his lips, and as he did so, tears streamed down his cheeks. Again he placed the fragrant flowers near his heart, and he turned from the window. Delphine had been concealed before by the trunk of one of the plane trees which grew near the spot. She now sprang up quickly, and standing on the highest edge of the fountain, caught the last glimpse of his erect and stately figure; she saw his bright hair dancing in the current of air as he threw open the wide doors;—they closed upon him, and upon every hope below. How dreadful were the hours that followed to Delphine! She sat with her eyes fixed on the window where she had last seen him, till her senses nearly forsook her. She gazed so intently that at last her very eyesight seemed to deceive her; she thought that she could see the doors open and shut continually, and Guyon appear and disappear as often.

As the morning advanced, first one person and then another came to the fountain to fill their pitchers with water. They had seen so much of misery that they scarcely noticed Delphine. At length there came a man who stopped, and gazed on her some time, and thinking perhaps, from her appearance, that she was some friendless wretch who had crawled to the fountain, and was dying there, he bade her begone, and not poison the waters with her vile presence. She heeded him not, for she had not heard him. The monster did not cease to persecute her; he even tried to thrust her away with violence, till, hardly knowing why, she rose up, and went and sat on the steps of the house which Guyon had entered. Some time after the wretch had left her, she tried to recollect where she was, and what had happened—she felt like one waking from a heavy sleep—she walked a few paces from the house, and still she could recollect nothing—she turned and surveyed the building. Immediately that her eyes caught the windows of the antechamber, she uttered a cry of horror, and rushed towards the house; she knew not how long a time had passed since Guyon had commenced his fatal work; she only knew that he had not returned, and nothing could now restrain her. The gate was not fastened; Delphine pushed it open with ease. She entered the hall—the servant of Guyon was lying there fast asleep upon an old sofa, but her steps awoke him not, as she ascended the broad staircase. A door was before her—she opened it, but instantly she thought she had mistaken the room; a second glance convinced her she had not. In the midst of a magnificent saloon hung with the finest pictures and mirrors of immense size, upon a table of rich marble, there lay, partly covered by a large linen cloth, the mangled and discoloured

corpse.—But where was Guyon? Almost underneath the loathsome object, with the end of the cloth still grasped in his hand, as if he had fallen in the act of covering the polluted mass, lay the hapless Guyon, to all appearance dead. “Oh God!” cried Delphine aloud, raising the body of him whom she loved—“help me, be with me now.” It seemed as if her prayer was heard, for in the very crisis of her agony, she recovered her strength of mind. She lost not a moment in disengaging the hand of Guyon from the polluted sheet; she dragged, nay almost carried him to the open window; but in vain she endeavoured to restore him. She looked around, and saw with delight, a vessel filled with vinegar on the table where he had been writing his remarks; into this vase he had thrown his papers as he wrote them; and Delphine, as she knelt on the ground bathing his face, and head, and hands with vinegar, saw him gradually revive. But to remain in that saloon would be instant death to him, and with much difficulty Delphine removed him to the antechamber, the doors of which were very near the place where he was then lying. “I cannot go farther,” said he feebly, as she closed the door upon the horrid room where she had found him: and when Delphine looked in his face, she saw that he could not indeed be moved farther. A sudden change had taken place within the last minute. “He does not even know me,” said she, as he looked up in her face, and smiled vacantly. He closed his eyes, and remained for some minutes in a heavy sleep. He awoke, and with difficulty raising his hand, he drew forth from his bosom a small golden crucifix; he kissed it fervently. The little nosegay of lavender and vervain had fallen to the ground. He fixed his eyes upon the withered flowers, and said feebly, “Give it me; let me smell it. She said it might refresh me. Tell her, tell my sweet sister, that my heart *was* refreshed even at this awful hour, when I thought of ——— Who, who are you?” he cried, lifting up his head; but ere he could look at her again, his memory was gone. He now fell into a gentle doze, and Delphine felt a calmness steal over her as she hung gazing upon his still handsome but altered countenance; altered it was indeed, the last few hours had done the work of years. He spoke once as he slept, and Delphine thought she heard the words “happy, how happy.” He awoke repeating them: but he never spoke again.

The plague ceased soon after the death of Guyon. He had discovered and fully explained the mysterious character of the disease; and the efforts of the medical men were blessed with complete success.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

EAST INDIAN DANDIES.—The boatmen who tow the pinnace used in excursions on the Ganges, in India, by a long line, when the wind fails, or turn the sails when it is favourable, are called *dandies*. They are, however, a very different race from the non-descripts of Europe of that name. 'The dandies of India,' Colonel Forrest says, in his Picturesque Tour along the Ganges and Zumar, 'are a very hardy race of beings, wear but little clothing, and, though exposed in towing the boat, for the whole day to a burning sun, and frequently up to the middle in water, their heads are not only without any turban or covering, but literally shaven quite bare.'

The author of a volume of travels in the Holy Land, was complaining the other day, to a literary gentleman, of the loss he had sustained by the publication, and the limited sale of the work. 'Why,' said his friend, 'the fact is, you had a bad publisher. Now, I wrote a work, some time ago, which, though quite worthless, had a wide circulation,—indeed, in places where I at least of all expected a line of it to reach.' 'Astounding! pray who was your publisher.' 'Why, I tried Longman's first, but did nothing; so I went to a trunk-maker, and by his means my work reached all the four quarters of the globe, with New South Wales to boot.'

NUMBER OF LETTERS IN VOLTAIRE'S WORKS.—In a number of the *Journal de la Librairie*, published in Paris in 1817, a new and complete edition of Voltaire's Works was announced, in 12 vols. octavo. The bookseller apprised the public, that each volume would contain a thousand pages, each page fifty lines, and each line fifty-five letters. By a little simple calculation it will be found that the literature, poetry, philosophy, and history of Voltaire, are comprised in thirty-three millions of letters!

TYPGRAPHICAL CORRECTNESS.—In the printing-house of Henry Stevens, every person spoke Latin, from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old maid who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised a louis d'or to any person that should discover an error in it.

CONJUNCTION, A NECESSARY PART OF SPEECH.—A pause between words, the parts of which will form a word, is frequently necessary to mark the sense. "Send me in that set of China," said a gentleman to a China-man. "They want two pieces," said the master. "That is a pity," replied the other. "Shall I send them incomplete, Sir?" "Yes, send them in complete?" Whose was the misconstruction?

General Deunesnil, who lost a leg in the campaign of Russia, commanded the fortress of Vincennes in 1814, when France was invaded by the allies. Deunesnil still held out, although the capital and adjacent country had been occupied by the allies, and, when summoned by the Russians to surrender, he sent for answer, 'Give me back my leg, and I will give up the fortress.'

Mr. Monach, a writing-master in Glasgow, had a pupil called John Aird, to whom he once said, 'John, you want but an L to be a laird.' 'And sure,' replied the pupil, 'you want but an R to make you a monarch.' A better play on names, however, was the remark, that Mr. Haswell would be *as well* without the H.

Handel required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food—Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered 'dinner for three'—and on receiving for answer to his question—'Is de tinner retty?'—'As soon as the company come' he said '*con strepito*,' 'Den bring up te tinner, '*prestissimo*,' I am de gombany.'

SHORT WORDS!—In 1661, a book of natural history was published, at Oxford, by Robert Lovell, under this comprehensive title, *Panzooligicominerologia*: and the author signed himself in Greek characters, *Philotheologiatronomos*!

A LAWYER'S EFFECTS.—Two men meeting one day, "Do you know," says one, "that our friend Counsellor D. is dead?"—"Yes, I know it," replied the other, "and the report goes that he has left few effects." "How could it be otherwise," said the other, "when he had so few causes."

POWER OF THE VOICE.—When the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in Handel's oratorio of the *Messiah*; a certain bishop who happened to be present, was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not help ejaculating, loud enough to be heard by those around him, "Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!"

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

CELTIC SKETCHES.

No. V.

THERE is not a sweeter spot in all the west Highlands than that where the river of Kirotail, after winding through its soft green valley, loses itself in Loch Duich. Sheltered from every wind but the soft south-west, and copiously wetted by the invigorating dews of the Atlantic, there is a richness of verdure about it, for which one who has just crossed the brown mountains is not at all prepared. At the same time the wild outlines of the mountains, which do not run in chains, as in most other places of the Highlands, but are cleft asunder by dells that descend almost to the level of the sea, the perpetual clouds that hang on Tulloch'ard toward the right, and the still more elevated summit Squir Oura, towards the left; the beautiful contour of Mam Raatachan in front, the rippling surface of the Loch, its beautifully wooded shores, and the picturesque little church and parsonage—to say nothing of the witching trees and the four grey stones that surround one of the hundred graves of Diarmid, have wonderful diversity as parts, and as wonderful harmony as a whole. You feel that you are in a new land—a land of loneliness, but a land of loveliness; and your imagination carries you back to the time when every inhabitant of this fairy spot was a wild M'Craa; and when the slogan of the M'Kenzie had not yet sounded southward of his watch-tower of "Tulloch'ard," but when the little chief of Invereinat bade defiance to the great Caen Cunnich of Elan Donan. Looking down the Loch you perceive Invereinat, still lovely in its repose, while the remains of Elan Donan are hardly distinguishable from the rock on which it is founded; and you find here and there a M'Craa weathering the storm for this hundred years, while the M'Kenzie has not a single foot of land in the district.

It has been said that nature has not been lavish to the Celtic fair; but whoever visits the glens on the western coast generally, and this lovely vale in particular, will find that the charge is not universal. No where within the four seas are females more elegant in their form, or more noble in their features; and he who has the good fortune to ramble loving and beloved along the shores of Loch Duich, has not many things better to expect in this world.

I had wandered there with company, and I had also wandered alone; and on one of the latter occasions my attention was arrested

by a hum of youthful voices, issuing from a sort of hovel that was built against a perpendicular mass of rock. I entered; and beheld a Celtic academy, in which about thirty healthful and blooming children were engaged in the business of education. The intelligent eye of the teacher, his mild and solemn bearing, the snow-white locks which hung about his ears with the most patriarchal and orthodox straightness, and the zeal and activity in the young people, all seemed to deserve better appointments than had fallen to their lot.

In one place, half a dozen of the most youthful rories were clubbed together conning the mystic letters from a horn-book, the paper of which vied in blackness with the ink. Others more advanced were measuring their wits against those of the wise king Solomon, and Macadamizing the long words of his proverbs into syllables and letters.—One or two were standing beside that which was meant for a table, and dropping their unprepared eagles' feathers in a mixture of charcoal and water, which appeared to be the only substitute for ink. Only one appeared to be dipping into the mysteries of arithmetic; and the substitute which he had for an account-slate would have astonished the trim academy doctors of the south, who are to the full as solicitous about the furnishing as the use that is made of them. I should have mentioned, that this teaching-hall was by turns the kitchen, the refectory, and the dormitory of the master; and that it was in no ways incommoded by the furniture requisite for these purposes. A truckle bed in a corner—an old chair and broken stool—something resembling a gridiron for broiling fish—and an iron pot of the old Dutch fashion—with a wooden bowl, platter, and spoon, of home manufacture, made up the greater part of the list. Nor were these altogether useless for literary purposes. One urchin was learning to write on the back of the platter with a piece of charcoal; and the single arithmetician was etching his cyphers with an old nail, in the thick coating of black which defended the iron pot from the fire. He sat on the floor with the pot between his knees, etching away with the one hand, and obliterating his arms with the sleeve of the other arm: but, notwithstanding, little Kenneth M'Craa was a very promising boy, and I doubt not, that now he struts a colonel in the army with more than one order of merit at his button-hole.

THE DRAMA.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA.

No. I.

ON a retrospective view of theatrical professors of the last century, many of them

will be found, and some even of the brightest names, to have illuminated the horizon of our own era. Amongst one of the first of these, we may name Mr. Woodward; and a finer actor than he never existed in his line of performance. His genius could very correctly conform itself to a variety of characters; but it was peculiarly adapted to the exhibition of eccentricity of every description. For example: he was indeed inferior to Garrick in *Ranger*; and, perhaps, he excelled him in *Scrub*; but there never was a superior to Woodward in *Bobadil*. And then there was his *Marplot*, and his *Mercutio*; the one all bustle and blundering officiousness, the other, the soul of grace and animated wit, brave and buoyant. Next, on the bench of comedy, we may estimate O'Brien. He was an elegant and spirited actor; capital in representing the genteel coxcomb. The remembrance of that gentleman must recall to the minds of my contemporaries of that day, the time when *The Jealous Wife* was acted, and he so admirably sustained the part of Lord Trinket. The piece was never more judiciously cast; and the applause was answerable. Mrs. Pritchard, in Mrs. Oakley, was indeed entitled to all the warm encomiums, with which she was honoured by Churchill; a most severe and fastidious critic of the stage. She and Garrick, on that memorable evening, held a charmingly disputed and equal empire over the feelings of the audience; their raptures burst forth at intervals, with a reverberating thunder from every part of the house. Next morning, Garrick told me with smiles, that, during the performance, he was often inclined to play the bridegroom god to the fair Juno, on the same boards with him; so absolutely true to passion and to love was her jealous wrath, and so be-mar his own part in admiration of hers, by clasping the bright perfection in his arms. Mr. Yates filled the character of Major Oakley; and the personation was complete. But it would be injustice to Mrs. Pritchard to stop with her only on the board of comedy; the comic and the tragic muse equally persided at her birth. Elegance and majesty combined in the lineaments of her face and figure; the woman and the heroine were conspicuous in both, just as the occasion demanded; and whether it were *Estifania* or *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Oakley, or the tender *Juliet*, the conception was true to nature, and the magic of the performance, for the time, made it illusion. And, besides all this; what Mrs. Siddons is in our later days, Mrs. Pritchard was in the foregoing age. Her character, as a woman, was pure as her taste as an actress. The wife, the mother, the friend, were in the one what they are in the other, not to be excelled by the virtuous matron of any rank or country.

I never but once saw the celebrated Mrs. Cibber. The exquisite sympathy of her tones still thrill on my ear. She was in the character of *Juliet*; Garrick played *Romeo*, and Woodward, *Mercutio*. Mrs. Cibber was at that time even past the meridian of her days; but genius and the graces have a perpetual youth, that burnishes the decays of age. Her action was easy and elegant; her elocution, flowing, tender and affecting; and, of a certainty, Garrick seemed to hang on those melodious accents as if they entered his soul. The palm of eminence in the character of *Romeo*, was then disputed between him and Barry; and the town were almost equally divided in opinion, as to which it should be adjudged; but had it been put to the vote, and a casting voice required, Garrick's own generous suffrage would have turned the scale in favour of his rival. He went one evening to see Barry personate that hero of lovers; and was, in reality, so delighted with his acting in the amatory scenes, that he frankly declared his admiration to a gentleman who sat next him; saying, "I honestly think, that he makes love better than I do." The different style of acting the part between these two great competitors, was, in some measure, modified by the constitutional characters of the men themselves; Garrick, all fire; Barry, all persuasion. And Mrs. Bellamy's reply, on being asked which of the twain she thought played the part of *Romeo* best, will bear me out in this remark. "Which was best," said she, "I cannot pretend to decide; but I can tell you how they affected me, when acting with them: when Garrick addressed me from below, such was his fervour, I expected every moment he would shoot himself into the balcony into my arms; but when Barry appeared in the same situation, such was the resistless attraction of his manners, it was with the greatest difficulty I prevented myself from throwing myself out of the balcony into his." Barry's person was remarkably fine, and his face handsome.

Of comedies, perhaps, one of the best in the English language is *The Beaux Stratagem*; wit and humour being there united in the most graceful and piquant union; and, as we saw it performed in the days I speak of, every character seemed started into actual life before us. Garrick played *Archer* with a glee and sportive roguery, while assuming his various disguises, which has never been equalled since. It was the perfect fine gentleman, descending, in mere raillery of spirits, into all the finesse and bold effrontery of the assumed footman. Mrs. Barry was all charms in the bewitching Mrs. Sullen; and Miss Pope, the very child of playful simplicity, in the pretty rustic blooming *Cherry*. Then came *Wes-*

ton's Scrub, and Moody's Foigorde. Those days are indeed the reign of the drama; for the audience were worthy what they saw and heard; and the scene and the diction honoured the judgment which dispensed the applause. Then sense was not sacrificed to sound, nor absurdity made excuseable by the splendour, or length of a procession. It was life they sought on the stage, and they found it in good plays, performed by actors who studied nature, not the monsters of a disordered imagination.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM began and ended his life in the fourteenth century. He died about the year 1398, and their is great reason to suppose that at this time he was upwards of sixty years of age. The Isle of Anglesea, and the county of Cardigan, alike claim the honour of his birth, and there are no documents sufficiently authentic to decide the contention. His father, Gwilym Gam, was a lineal descendant from the Welsh princess. At the age of fifteen, Dafydd, being an untractable youth of wild and ungovernable spirits, and having so often lampooned his parents in his poetical compositions, was compelled to quit his home, and seek refuge under the roof of Ifor Hael, a relation of his father. Ifor employed Dafydd as his steward, and assigned his daughter to his tuition. He had not occupied this situation long, before it was discovered that a mutual attachment had taken place between the youthful tutor and his pupil. The consequence to her was an immediate consignment to a nunnery in Anglesea. Her bard followed her to the island, and, disguised as a servant, hired himself to the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, in the hopes of once more obtaining a sight of the object of his wishes, and, probably of persuading her to elope with him. Finding, however, that all his endeavours were fruitless, his ardour at last gave way to reflection. He soon after returned to South Wales, and was again received by his generous patron, whose house he found an agreeable asylum for many years. During his residence there, he was elected to the chair of Eisteddfod, the highest bardic honour that he could attain.

Dafydd possessed an elegant person, and this, with his numerous accomplishments, rendered him a great favorite with the fair sex. He is described to have been tall and slender: and to have had yellow hair, flowing in beautiful ringlets over his shoulders. His dress, according to the manners of the age in which he lived, consisted of a pair of

long trowsers; a close jacket, tied round his waste with a sash, that suspended a sword of no inconsiderable length; and a loose gown, trimmed with fur, which he wore over the whole. On his head he had a round cap, or bonnet. He was one of the greatest beaux of his age; and his conduct toward the women brought him into many unlucky scrapes, which he has occasionally mentioned in different parts of his works. He is said to have had no fewer than twenty-four mistresses, and he one day made an assignation with each of them under a neighbouring oak tree. The merry bard took care to be on the spot before the time appointed, and, climbing up the tree, sat there perfectly concealed from view. Every one was punctual to the time, and a singular scene occurred. They gazed in astonishment at each other, each secretly provoked at so strange and so unlucky an accident. Explanations, however, soon took place, and in the first bursts of their passion the universal cry was, "We will be the death of the villain." "Indeed," said the bard, peeping from among the branches, "it is necessary then that I should explain;"—and he addressed them with so much ingenuity, that each began to question the other's purity, and a fight commenced, in the heat of which he descended, and quietly decamped, leaving them to terminate the dispute among themselves.

Notwithstanding the libertine principles of Dafydd ap Gwilym, he is believed to have entertained a firm and constant attachment to Morfydd, the daughter of Madoc Lawgam. Their hands were joined by one of the bards, and they resided together for some time. The relations of Morfydd not concurring in their choice, stole her from her lover, and united her, according to the ceremonies of the church, to a wealthy, but decrepid old man, whom Dafydd ridicules in his poems under the name of Bwa Bach, *The Little Hunchback*. The remainder of the old man's life seems to have been spent in watchings and jealousy, for Dafydd omitted no opportunity to persuade her to elope from him, and he at length accomplished his wishes. After strict search the fugitives were discovered, the bard was prosecuted by the husband, and fined in a heavy penalty. Not being able to satisfy this, he was taken to prison, whence however, he was soon released by some of his countrymen, who raised the money among themselves, and discharged the fine. He made a second attempt, which failed, but his attachment was so lively and unremitted, that he wrote in her praise *a hundred and forty-seven* poems, some of which are by no means short compositions.

The powers of his mind rose greatly superior to all the disadvantages of the period

in which he lived. In harmony of versification, his works even now stand as a model of perfection, although at the time when he wrote, most of the laws of composition were in a state of fluctuation, and others were altogether unknown. It seems, indeed, very probable that some of his verses might form the idea for many rules which were afterwards settled. He had both feeling and judgment; in his love poems there is a peculiar softness and melody in all their variations; and this, in a greater or less degree, may be traced through all his works, from the slightest efforts of his Muse to the most grand and sublime parts of his imagery.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S *Peculiarities of the Fresh Water Lakes in North America, and the region surround- ing them.*

AN intelligent traveller made a communication, thus: "On visiting the inland seas of North America, the traveller is struck with the difference of scenery betwixt them and the ocean; and especially with the paucity of life in the former, contrasted with the abundant animation which distinguishes the latter. The absence too of all maritime and marine vegetables, is noticed by the careful observer, who sees no such productions as vivify the shores and enliven the waters of the great briny expanse.

"He looks in vain for a single species or individual of the Cetaceous order. Not a creature of the whale family exists in those extensive collections of saltless water. To say nothing of the larger kinds, not even a porpoise is seen to visit the surface for breath.

"He seeks the sight of a seal, or member of the Phoca-tribe, basking on the rocks or along the coast; but is disappointed.

"None of the oceanic tortoises, not even the tarrapan, or the loggerhead, present themselves to his notice.

"Even the vigilant traverser of the lakes, returns without beholding among the fishy inhabitants, a single coryphæa, mackerel, flounder, ray, shark, shad, cod, mullet, herring, gurnard, or scorpena.

"The shores are not embellished with the sampire, salsola, high-water shrub, sedge,

black-grass, amaranth, beach-plum, and the numerous other plants, which delight in the saline soil and atmosphere near the ocean. †

"Nor do the *ulvas* and *fucuses* cover the rocks; nor the *grass-wrack* the bottom of the bays.

"Neither the oyster, nor the clam, nor the scallop, nor the razor-shell, nor the anomia, nor the limpet, nor the barnacle, nor the pipe-worm, nor the ship-worm, nor the periwinkle, nor the ark-shell, nor the tellina; such numerous and common inhabitants of the ocean, can be found in a single living specimen.

"So, with regard to the extensive class of Zoophytes, or Radiary animals, vain is the search for a star-fish (*Asterias*), an urchin, (*Echinus*), a sea-nettle, (*medusa*), an animal flower, (*actinia*), a tubipore, a sertularia, a cellepore, a flustra, a coralline, a gorgonia, a madrepore, a millepore, a pennatula, a sponge, or any of the numerous other tribes peculiar to the salt-sea.

"Yet, many articles, especially of the madrepore-family, are found abundantly in the strata surrounding the lakes. Even oysters, scallops, echinuses, terebratulas, and trilobites, have been discovered in a fossil state: and on resuscitation from the graves in which they have been buried for immemorial ages, appear to the geological inquirer quite different from every thing now known in the living world; curious monuments of the changes which have taken place in the animal creation, and at the same time, irrefragable proofs of the ancient dominion of salt-water there, which has been drawn off, or drained away, in the lapse of time!"

The inhabitants of Lake Erie, Huron, and Michigan, may then be considered, as consisting at this day of such plants and animals only, as have constitutions capable of bearing the change from salt water to fresh. Such as could not accommodate themselves to this new state of things, and live in the altered fluid, have gradually perished during the freshening operation, and have finally become extinct.

There are scarcely any survivors among the vegetable tribes; perhaps none, except the *maritime* species, which grew around the salt springs, before their extermination by the hand of man.

Of the Animal race, there remains a comparatively moderate number. Some of these

are large and excellent; such as the individuals of the trout and salmon genus, of which, among others, the *white-fish* (*salmo clupeoides*, mitch,) described in B. and H's Magazine, and Review for March, 1818. pp. 321; the huge *salmon-trout*, (*salmo amethystinus*, mitch) contained in the journal of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences for October, 1818, p. 410; and the enormous *Pike*, (*esox masquanongi*, mitch,) mentioned in our Minerva of Aug. 14, 1824, p. 297., are memorable examples.

The facts concerning the occasional rise of Lake Erie, and the subsidence of its water again in a series of years were recollected, as were also Woodward and Stickney's experiments and conclusions (from Hall and Stone's Commercial Advertiser of March 22, 1821) as to the existence of ebbs and flows, twice a day, resembling tides, at the southwestern extremity of the lake, near the entrance of the Miami river.

Pronunciation of the word "Canal."

In the present age of internal improvement, the people and orthoëpists differ in the pronunciation of the word, signifying the courses of water made by art through the country. Some give it the sound of *a* in *fat*, and others of *a* in *fall*. The ear of the traveller is saluted by the former, which is Walker's *fourth*, as he travels westward from Albany as far as Utica; and by the latter, quite to Buffalo, which is W's. *third*. That great grammarian himself decides in favour of the narrow sound, and takes no notice of the *broad*.

A gentleman stated that his hearing had been so grated during a journey to Lake Erie, along the improved route, by the repetition of the word in the hoarse and guttural tone, that he had, for his own satisfaction made a list of words, where *a* preceded the single and the double *el*. He was convinced that the analogy of the case did not require that discordant and annoying utterance.

All the authority was allowed that could be derived from *call*, *hall*, *ball*, *fall*, *inthal*, *wall*, *pall*, and their numerous associates and derivatives. Against which was produced a list which seemed to carry with it high authority.

Examples of the soft sound of *a* before *l*, in the beginning and middle of words:

Alabaster	Galley
Alack	Fallow
Alchymist	Gallant
Alcohol	Gallery
Alcoran	Gallicism
Alcove	Gallipot
Alkali	Gallon
Alledge	Gallop
Allegation	Gallows
Allegiance	Galvanism
Allegory	Hallelujah
Allegro	Hallow
Alleluiah	Hallucination
Alley	Halo
Alliance	Kalendar
Alligator	Mallard
Alliteration	Malleable
Allodium	Mallet
Allot	Mallows
Allow	Pallet
Allay	Palliate
Allure	Pallid
Allude	Qualify
Ally	Quality
Ballad	Rally
Ballast	Sallad
Balloon	Sallow
Ballot	Tallow
Callipers	Tally
Callous	Valley
Callow	Wallet
Dally	Wallow
Fallacious	Wallop
Fallible	Caballer.

And another list of similar pronunciation in the final syllable of words:

Actual	Carnival
Admiral	Comical
Cabal	Tragical
Mall	National
Shall	Cynical
Copal	Chymical
Coral	Mechanical
Rascal	Botanical
Cymbal	Philosophical, &c
Royal	Dual
Imperial	Infernal
Rational	Eternal
Universal	External
General	Internal
Doctrinal	Madrigal
Social	Mareshal
Equal	Marginal.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

In a work lately published by M. Mannert, Professor of History at Landshut, and Member of the Academy of Sciences at Munich, he maintains that the *Itali*, properly so called, are the primitive indigenous people of the country; and that the Illyrians, the Venetians, the Pelasgians or Tyrsenians, the Greeks, and the Celts, have emigrated thither.

M. Milbert, who has been seven years in the United States, has sent to Paris an immense number of subjects for the Museum of Natural History, collected on that continent. Among them are 200 mammifera, of which 40 are alive; 400 species of birds, 100 of which were wanting in the museum; 150 species of reptiles, 200 of fish, 500 shells, of which 30 are new species, and about 400 insects, &c. besides botanical and mineralogical subjects.

GIULIO GENOINO, a popular dramatic writer at Naples, whose comedies have been performed with great success by the Fabbrichesi company, is publishing a series of his pieces, in monthly numbers. The subjects of these dramas are principally founded on the records and traditions of Neapolitan history.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

Goslington Shadow, a romance of the Nineteenth Century. By Mungo Coultershogle, Esq. 2 vols. J. & J. Harper, New-York. 1825.

THE author of this novel exhibits considerable power in the delineation of character and description of scenery, and evinces a good acquaintance with the matters and things of the times. He is evidently a man of sagacity and good taste; and we think that though he falls below the higher order of writers, he indicates far more of abstract talent than Cooper or M'Henry. His turn of mind approaches nearer to Paulding's than that of any other of his contemporaries on this side of the Atlantic; he shews the same acuteness, the same tenseness of composition in his most felicitous passages, and is often distinguished by the same epigrammatic point.

As the scene is laid in Scotland, and the

author shews a familiar knowledge of Scotch manners and customs, we presume he is a native of Auld Reekie, and we think that with some reformation in his mode of writing, she will have no reason to disown him. Goslington Shadow is an excellent character; he is well conceived and finely executed; he engages our good will at the beginning, and grows upon our esteem as we become better acquainted with him. His father, Matthew Shadow, is another prominent figure in the group; is distinguished by good sense, and by good nature, and withal has a fine relish for a good joke; is rustic in his manners and appearance, and though elevated to importance in his latter days, preserves his original simplicity of habits, and adheres to the care of his horticulture. The other individuals that figure in the novel are of middling interest, being considerably above mediocrity, but having nothing to boast of. There is one thing, however, to which we must record our objection, viz. the conversion of a high-minded and patriotic Yankee, Mr. Jonathan Rifleman, (the name is a good one and smacks of his country) into a certain *Lord Lintoch*! In this circumstance there is a want of probability, and truth, which is so obvious to an American, that we think Mr. Coultershogle has committed an error in its relation. We, for one, would have preferred that he should send him to the wild and magnificent scenery of his country, not indeed (as the Quarterly has it) to drink whiskey, but to mix among her Yeomanry; to sow his wheat, to feed his cattle, and to gather his harvest.

But while we admit that there is much in this novel which is valuable, and that it displays the germs, not merely of tolerable writing, but of a high degree of excellence, (for we have remarked in it many passages which would have done no discredit to the Great Novelist himself) there is much that cannot pass the critical tribunal without animadversion. Mr. Coultershogle's sentences are not always perfect, and amongst others, the very first in the second volume is unfinished; and they are, moreover, often too long, the first three in the same volume occupying more than a page. He is, besides, too digressive, not in his story, but in his style, and frequently permits his pen to run wild, falls off from the particular matter to be told, to treat of its incidents, and finally, indulges sometimes in a strain of

composition if not rough at least far from elegant. These are his principal faults, and they are not light ones; but it is obvious that they do not proceed from ignorance or dulness, but from want of care, and particularly from want of practice in this branch of writing. They will be guarded against hereafter we do not doubt, and if so, we think we may assure our readers that his works will be of very considerable merit. A little more freedom to the imagination, a little more refinement not only of sentiment but expression, and a little more discipline in the general composition, and we promise ourselves a treat from Mr. Coultershogle's future efforts.

From the little we have said, it will be perceived that we have discovered both beauties and faults in the novel before us; but the beauties exceed the faults in number and consequence, and further, they indicate an intellectual discernment, a purity of taste and a general capability, which promises uncommonly well for the author. We recommend the present work as worthy of perusal, and we think the writer should be encouraged to other and still better attempts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fire-side Pleasures, through the period of a December day.

THE first sensation of which you are conscious, on awaking, is, that it is 'a bitter cold morning;' and with an anxious look at the frosted panes, and a glance at the empty grate, you flatter yourself, that by dressing very expeditiously indeed, you may yet indulge, for another half-hour, in the enjoyment of your comfortable dormitory; but time flies quickly with the happy! and when you are *really* risen, you find that a full hour of the day is passed, which no after-exertion can absolutely recover. At length, quite dressed, and half frozen, you descend to the breakfast parlour, and with all the impatience of long-repressed desire, rush shivering and open-handed, to the bright, sparkling, happy looking fire-side. The first greetings of this loved object are not, however, quite so kind as might be wished: for, in a few moments, you begin to feel the effects of the sudden transition, in a tingling sensation about the extremities of your swelling fingers, till, as if by a torpedo shock, you find your power over them gone; while the exquisite pain, conquering all ideas of dignity, sends you dangling them, and dancing in agony round the room.

The meal, however, is at last got through, and you adjourn to the library: but the wind is due east, and, owing to an architectural obstacle, which no art or expense can remove, the smoke, at such seasons, always returns into the apartment with ten-fold vigour. By leaving the door or windows open, and sitting, to prevent absolute suffocation, with a handkerchief to the mouth and nostrils, you find yourself in a delightful disposition to rove into the regions of fancy or fiction; but, suddenly, a gust of soot, enveloping the room in Stygian darkness, drives you from this blissful abode, to seek for comfort in a purer sphere.

But these are minor evils; it is at the dinner party—that rallying-point and brilliant focus of life—it is here only, that all the comforts of a fire-side are to be felt without alloy; and you therefore console yourself with anticipating, that the entertainment at your friend B—'s will amply compensate for the morning's little troubles. We pass over the routine of compliments usual on the assembling of such parties; the several observations on the barometer, thermometer, and other accurate and useful instruments, from the comparison of whose appearances, it is at length about to be inferred, that it is really colder to-day than it was yesterday: but, owing to the tenacity of our sceptical gentlemen, dinner is announced before the point is fully settled; and you follow to the dining parlour. Here the servant has been particularly instructed to make the room *comfortable*; and your fellow-guests congratulating each other on being so well defended from the weather, pass along to their seats, exchanging reciprocal compliments. You prepare to follow the example, but are arrested by the soft voice of your fair hostess, who, observing, with a smile of considerable attention, she knows "Mr. A— is *fond of the fire*," points to a chair, the back of which is just eighteen inches from the red-hot bars. You eye the glowing station, which, to your alarmed imagination, appears scarcely ten degrees cooler than the mouth of a glass maker's furnace, and intimate your wish to decline: but your disinclination is imputed to modesty, your reluctance to amiable self-denial; till, becoming conscious the negotiation is extending beyond the bound politeness allows, you yield to the intended kindness, and make your way to the seat of sacrifice, with Roman resolution. For the first few minutes, the heat, however, is not disagreeable, nay, you even begin to chuckle with secret satisfaction, upon noticing at the farther end of the room some incipient tints of red, blue, indigo, &c. already overspreading, in prismatic regularity, the nasal feature of a pale-looking gentleman, seated nearest the door; but scarcely are the covers removed, when a general suffusion of the

whole frame, approaching to suffocation, violent throbbing of the temples, and a feeling down the back, as if the spinal marrow were really beginning to dissolve, at once overwhelms you; and all your thoughts are henceforth devoted to the possibility of escape. At length, after sundry rueful looks over your shoulder, to mark the progress of the enemy, the cause of your distress is noticed; and the only screen being already engrossed by a rheumatic dowager, the servant accommodates you, by bringing from the hall, and spreading over the back of your chair, a nice damp great coat. Here, sweltering in vapours, that rise on every side, you sit in foreboding apprehension, cursing your own affability, the kind consideration of your hostess, and wondering what on earth could have induced you to accept such an invitation.

But the retirement of the ladies, by allowing a removal, prevents your utter carbonization; and cooled into better humour, by brisk conversation and the circulating glass, you endeavour to forget these troubles, and resolve to be comfortable for the rest of the evening. The summons to tea arrives, and, full of delightful anticipation you enter the drawing room. Here, at least, you are determined the heat shall not incommode you; and, dropping into the first vacant seat that offers, you hope, by exerting your very best colloquial talents, to efface the remembrance of former taciturnity. Ah! luckless enterprise!—In the midst of a pathetic relation by your fair neighbour, to which there seems no end, you discover the seat you have taken to be in a direct line between the blazing fire-place and the ever-opening door, so that every time an exit or an entrance takes place, which appears to be at the rate of every fifty times in a minute, a strong current of air, temperature 25 Fahrenheit, rushes impetuously against you, penetrating every corner of your system, and working its way into you at every distended pore. It is in vain you twist and fidget—in vain you dart angry looks at the unconscious causers of your suffering: all are too much engrossed with their own important cares, to perceive your uncomfortable situation. Chained to the stake, from which you are ashamed to withdraw, relief at last arrives; but the mischief is done. Cold has seized you, rheumatism is attacking you, corporeal pain producing mental dissatisfaction, is shedding its jaundiced hues over every thing you feel and see. Sick, wearied, fevered, you at length reach home, where, cowering over the embers of the parlour fire the servant has neglected to replenish, you stand, endeavouring to gain resolution to ascend to your yet more comfortless chamber, and feelingly ask yourself, from the day's experience. *'What are the boasted comforts of a fire-side'.*

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 26. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MIRANDA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Ishmael and Miriam.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Celtic Sketches*, No. VI.

THE DRAMA.—*Recollections of the Drama*, No. II.

BIOGRAPHY.—*William Roscoe, Esq.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*On the Poetry of Southey.*

THE GRACES.—*Calendar—April. Spring Song.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Rules for the Behaviour of Young People.*

POETRY.—Original; and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The bill for incorporating the New-York Water Works Company, has passed the Senate.

Mr. David Townsend of Pennsylvania has invented a method of saving water as the boats pass through the locks of canals.

The skin of a cat, with the profile of a human head appearing in the hair, which we mentioned some time ago, is now exhibiting at Philadelphia, and is said to correspond in every respect with the description formerly given.

A considerable quantity of gold has recently been discovered in some masses of rock, in North Carolina, which is said to indicate great and extensive mines resembling those of Peru.

At a late meeting of the members of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, the president, Mr. Haywood, warmly eulogized the Universities and literary establishments in various parts of the United States.

Two different works respecting Napoleon, have lately appeared in London; the one entitled "Last Days of Napoleon," and the other, "The History of Napoleon and his Army, in 1812:" both of which appear to have been well received.

MARRIED,

Mr. W. Spendlove to Miss M. A. Funk.

Mr. T. Palmer to Miss C. Done.

Mr. E. H. Wilson to Miss J. Vanderwater.

DIED,

Mrs. M. Monahan, aged 45 years.

Miss H. Toulon, aged 52 years.

Mrs. Eliza Whittier.

Mr. W. H. Valentine, aged 23 years.

Adam Dobbs, aged 31 years.

Mrs. Frances Butler.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his Father to an untimely grave.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a King lay stately on his bier,
In the Church of Fontevraud;
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung
On the settled face of Death.

On the settled face of Death,
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimm'd at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there;
As if each deeply-furrow'd trace
Of earthly years to show—
Alas! that scepter'd mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul.
And solemn were the strains they pour'd,
In the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent King in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang,
With a sounding thrill of dread,
And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,
As, by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
A dark glance high and clear,
But his proud heart through its breast-plate
shook,

When he stood beside the bier.
He stood there still, with a drooping brow,
And clasp'd hands o'er it rais'd;
For his Father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed.

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love,
Than steel may keep suppress'd.
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior train,
And he reek'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the Dead,
And sorrow seem'd to lie,
A weight of sorrow, e'en as lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
And the hand of lifeless clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

"Oh, Father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, Father! once again!—
I weep, behold I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my Sire,
To hear thee bless thy Son.

"Speak to me:—mighty grief,
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!
Hear me! but hear me!—Father Chief,
My King! I must be heard!—
Hush'd, hush'd!—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—Wo, wo for all,
The love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And, Father, Father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say 'Forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest King,
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears proved,
In war the bravest heart—
Oh! even the renown'd and loved
Thou wert—and there thou art!

"Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be—
The times that I have sported at thy side,
And climb'd thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My Sire, I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

The following Ballad is founded on an old traditional legend, which is current in Suffolk, respecting an uninhabited apartment in Kentwell-Hall, Long Melton:—

BALLAD.

Listen, oh listen, and you shall hear
The sound of a lady's lute;
Anon the strain comes hurried and drear,
And then the chords are mute:

Look out, look out, and you shall espy
The form of a lady fair.
Did you mark how slowly she glided by,
And her look of wild despair?

Behold her cheek as she passes again—
'Tis pale as the cold, cold snow;
And her heaving breast, how it throbs with pain;
And her tears, how fast they flow.

And see, she snatches the lute once more,
To breathe out her evening song —
Now Heaven defend thee, lady fair,
And shield thy life from wrong!

And who is this lady, whose soft lute tells
A tale of such deep fraught woe?
And why is her cheek so wan with grief,
And why do her tears still flow?

Hush! hush! 'tis a question you may not ask,
Or may not be answer'd here. —
Come away, come away, the night draws on,
And a sad tale you shall hear.

* * * * *

The lightnings glare, and the rain beats fast, —
The wind blows sullen and strong,
And the fiends of the tempest are borne on the blast,
And shriek as they swoop along.

Four men were seated in Kentwell-Hall,
Carousing with drunken glee;
Though the thunder roar and hoarse winds howl,
Their wassail seems louder to be.

"Drink on, drink on, my merry men all, —
"Drink on," cries Sir Gilbert Vere;
Sir Gilbert is master of Kentwell-Hall;
But why are these fierce men here?

"Sing on, sing on, my merry men all, —
"Sing on," cries Sir Gilbert Vere:
"Though abroad the tempest may loudly brawl,
"It never can reach us here."

'Tis the midnight hour, and lights are seen
Hurrying to and fro —
Hush! did you mark how the wild wind's roar
Came mingled with sounds of woe?

And did you not see a figure, in white,
By the fitful lightning's flash,
In the deep, deep moat, to rise no more,
Fall down, with a fearful plash?

'Tis gone — and the cold stream flows as before —
Flows on, so calm and still:
Now Heaven defend that lady fair
And shield her life from ill!

* * * * *

"Ride away, ride away, my merry men all;
"Ride away," cries Sir Gilbert Vere;
"And when ye return to Kentwell-Hall,
"Again we'll hold good cheer."

But Sir Gilbert may mix with the wassailing throng,
Yet cannot know peace again, —
He may sit at the board — he may list to the song,
But pangs in his bosom remain;

And his cheek is wasted, his eyes are sunk,
And fearfully dark they scowl, —
He rests not by day, he sleeps not by night,
But shudders when tempests howl.

They used to be merry in Kentwell-Hall; —
Those revels are passed away,
And the way-faring man that was wont to call,
Now journeys no more that way.

And the huntsman's horn no longer sounds
To the chase, at break of day;
No more are heard the deep-mouth'd hounds,
When the wild deer stands at bay.

There is a vast chamber in Kentwell-Hall,
And its walls are dismantled and bare;
Save the light from yon lattice, 'tis desolate all,
And no one may enter there;

For in that room wild shrieks are heard,
When the midnight storm blows shrill, [seen,
And they say, through the lattice strange lights are
And the lady is wandering still.

PERSIAN MELODY.

Oh come, yon beckoning Pari cries,
And shakes her starry wings,
While evening o'er the western skies
Her purple glory flings, —
I'll lead thee where, in coral cells,
Beneath the foaming sea,
The lonely Maid of Ocean dwells, —
Then follow, follow me.

I'll lead to some fragrant grove,
Whose roses ever bloom,
The haunt where youthful Paris love
To banquet on perfume;
And where the restless nightingale
Shall weave her song for thee,
Whose tones of music never fail, —
Then follow, follow me.

Oh come, and I will lead thee where
Delighted Paris play,
And bind their golden waving hair,
To dance in Halal's ray;
Or where, beneath a lovely sky,
Still lovelier thou shalt see
The clear blue night of LAYLA's eye, —
Then follow, follow me!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small"

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I. — Grave.

PUZZLE II. — Earthquake.

SOLUTION OF ANAGRAMS.

I. Opposition.

II. Democratical.

NEW PUZZLE.

If a list of the spirits of evil
Was call'd for, my *first* would be seen
Amongst them; and though not the devil,
Yet a bad one he ever has been.

My *next* it is pleasant to see
In a family, or men among;
For affection there only can be
Where this quality shines clear and strong.

My *whole* is to be clear from blame,
At least I can't better proclaim it.

'Tis a sort of escaping from shame;
Now, my fair riddle-finders, pray name it.

ANAGRAMS.

I. — Yes Milton.

II. — Rover eat Pig.

EDITED BY

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